

## Boys and Girls Who Have Won National Fame as Letter Writers

First Announcement of Awards In National Letter Writing Contest, In Which More Than 20,000 School Children Competed For Prizes



### KEY TO THE WINNERS.

- 1.—Henry Francis Wilson, Salem, N. Y., winner first prize, Class A.
- 2.—Annie Robertson, Menlo, Ga., winner second prize, Class C.
- 3.—Macy F. Lanice, Bayshore, N. Y., winner first prize, Class D.
- 4.—Emily Grace Horr, Dixieland, Cal., winner second prize, Class A.
- 5.—Bennett Wolfe, Morrisville, Mo., winner third prize, Class A.
- 6.—Margaret L. Hess, Laura, O., winner third prize, Class B.
- 7.—Wanda S. Isaac, Freeman, S. D., winner first prize, Class B.
- 8.—Mary M. Hughes, St. Regis Falls, N. Y., winner third prize, Class D.

made after a careful perusal of the letters, creates the following:

### HONOR ROLL.

Best letter writers among school children of America.

**CLASS A.**  
Henry Francis Wilson, Salem, N. Y.; Emily Grace Horr, Dixieland, Cal.; Bennett Wolfe, Morrisville, Mo.

**CLASS B.**  
Wanda S. Isaac, Freeman, S. D.; Lucille Hilsheimer, Madison Mills, O.; Margaret L. Hess, Laura, O.

**CLASS C.**  
Mark R. Sullivan, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Annie Robertson, Menlo, Ga.; George McCarthy, Lysander, N. Y.

**CLASS D.**  
Macy F. Lanice, Bay Shore, N. Y.; Lynn Ernest Bradley, Waterville, O.; Mary M. Hughes, St. Regis Falls, N. Y.

The first twenty-five in each class have each received a medal and a five dollar gold piece, the first, second and third winners in each class receiving special medals. One thousand others received medals only and 1,000 certificates.

### Farmer Boy Wins First Place.

Letter No. 1 in Class A was written by Henry Francis Wilson, a bright faced boy who was born in Hebron, N. Y., on the same farm where his father and grandfather were born and who now lives in the country near Salem, N. Y. He wrote:

I have read your book "A New Chapter in an Old Story" and liked it real well. I liked the part where the savage was in a tight place with the bear and he picked up a sharp stone and threw it at the bear and gave himself a chance to run away, because he did just what we boys do when we are in a tight place.

I liked the part about the bow and arrows, because I made one last winter out of a little bamboo faspole, a piece of rawhide and a piece of a rack you hang towels on.

A little boy is a good deal like the people of olden times, because he throws stones when he is five years old and when he is eight years old he uses a slingshot that he makes out of a crocheted stick and a piece of rubber elastic. For ammunition he can use little stones and peas. At eleven years old he uses a bow and arrow that he can make out of hickory or bamboo.

The man that made the first Remington rifle as a boy was a good deal like me when it came to asking papa for things and not getting them.

### A Western Girl Heads Class B.

Wanda Isaac, age thirteen, of Freeman, S. D., wrote:

I was especially interested in the full page pictures in the book which show the progress of firearms. The following is the story which the picture on the front cover tells me:

Ray Kensington had had wonderful success during the hunting season. Animals of all descriptions had fallen prey to his Remington with its "U. M. C." ammunition.

As he pondered he had a vision in which a cave man, Robin Hood, the hunter with crossbow, and men with old fashioned guns appeared to him. They were all much surprised at the perfection of his weapon.

The cave man spoke: "You have beyond doubt a wonderful means of defense in your hands, but when confronted by a savage bear I hurled at him a jagged rock, and when I invented the sling I took the first steps. Do not forget me."

"And me," said Robin Hood. "I used the long bow in Sherwood forest, and it served me well. It was but another step toward the perfect weapon held in your hands."

"And my crossbow shall not be forgotten," rejoined the second hunter. "It was the first practical step toward guns."

"Mountain School" Led Class C.

Mark Sullivan, fifteen years of age, lives in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and attends the "Mountain School" in Ulster county of the same state. His letter, the best in Class C, is in part:

In a pleasant valley of that country which is now called France there lived before the era of the great ice sheet a clan of cave men.

The only enemy of the clansmen was a great saber tooth tiger, which had a cave far up upon a mountain side. Every winter as the time approached for the tiger to go south the men would keep an eager watch upon the cave, because when he had gone they would enter and live there during the colder months of the winter.

Saber Tooth returned unexpectedly. A daring plan instantly flashed into the mind of Strongarm, the chief. The men with their rude stone weapons would never dare to attack the tiger, so Strongarm ordered them to bring a large elk's hide. This he fashioned into a bag, which was filled with stones. He then cut a strong oaken pole, and after putting a spear head halfway down the shaft, several men helped carry his weapon to the tree under which Saber Tooth was sleeping. Slowly it was raised and poised above the sleeping tiger. The men retreated to the cave, and then Strongarm cut the thong. Down plunged the weighted shaft, pinning Saber Tooth to the ground.

### Big City Boy "D" Class Winner.

Macy F. Lanice, of Bay Shore, N. Y., aged 17, who was first in class D, saw the literary and artistic side of the book. He wrote:

The plot and style are the work of a real author. Uninteresting details are made vivid by big, cumbersome guns of olden times are invested with romance, the tedious stages of the advancement of civilization from the earliest ages are skillfully interwoven with the steps of the steady advance of Remington arms and the whole made to read like fiction.

Surely this contest has brought forth from young America an unmistakable denial of the charge that our country is deficient in letter writing ability. Along with this denial has come a wealth of matter that will give teachers, writers and even parents a new appreciation of the wonder working mind of youth.

## PECULIAR CLIENTS

Cranks With Whom Lawyers Sometimes Have to Deal.

### QUEER CASES OUT OF COURT.

"Ancestor" Clients Are Quite Common, and Their Claims Are Just About as Visionary as Those of Numerous Patent Seekers Are Freakish.

"What is the most peculiar case that has ever been brought to you by a prospective client?" was the question put not long ago by the writer to one of the ablest lawyers in New York.

The lawyer said that probably the oddest client who had ever visited him was a woman about forty years old, who wanted to bring suit against one of the Sunday newspapers for not having printed an account of her latest "social function" on its society page, as she had particularly requested over the telephone.

As the second oddest client, he cited the case of another woman who had come to him in tears and sought to enlist his legal aid in making her husband stop flirting. "The woman assured me that she loved her husband and that she knew her husband loved her, but that he had a habit of winking at every good looking woman he saw," said the lawyer. "When I told her there was no legal redress for her, inasmuch as she said I was a fool if I even thought she or her husband wanted a divorce, she exclaimed that I was the poorest lawyer she had ever heard of and left my office in a rage."

The same question was put to several other lawyers and an unbelievably peculiar assortment of would be clients was revealed through their answers.

One patent lawyer cited the case of a man who asked him to represent him for two months at the patent office in Washington. "I want you to go there, stay there and represent me," he said. "But," interposed the attorney, "what in the world do you want me to do while I am there?"

The man drew his chair close to the lawyer's and in low tones told the attorney that he had invented an "aero-plane clock," as he called it, and that he wanted him to go to the patent office and prevent any other inventor "from sneaking in a similar invention while the authorities are in a careless mood."

The man seemed to be in his normal senses despite the fact that his highly prized invention was absolutely nothing more than a small watch fastened in a leather case, the sort that may be seen in stores anywhere. When he had imparted this information the lawyer pointed out that there was nothing patentable about his "invention."

"There isn't, eh?" shouted the man. "Indeed there is! Who has ever thought before this of putting a clock in an airship?"

The attorney sought to humor him and said, "Wouldn't a watch in the aviator's pocket do as well?"

The man jumped up. "That's just the point!" he cried. "It would not do as well, because it might fall out."

Against such logic the attorney said he found himself helpless, and he told the man he feared the case was too difficult for him to handle.

Another strange client who visited a patent lawyer wanted to secure a patent on a "flower clothespin." The latter was an ordinary wooden clothespin with a little wire point on top. On the latter fresh flowers might be stuck, thereby, according to the inventor, "giving the clotheslines the appearance of flower gardens." He saw a fortune from the sale of his pins in cities.

When the lawyer assured him that, besides the fact that there was more sentimentality than practicability to his invention, a pin stuck in the end of the wood would serve just as effectively as the "invented" piece of wire, the client threatened to bring suit against him for "violation of confidence."

Another patent lawyer said that the oddest client who had ever come to him was a young woman who wanted his help in getting a patent, literally, on an "idea."

"What is your idea?" asked the lawyer curiously.

The young woman refused to tell him, saying that she hesitated to divulge the nature of her idea until it had been secured by patent. "I won't trust anybody with it, not even you," she told the lawyer.

Like the famous Anneke Jans heirs, there are numerous strange cases of so called "ancestor clients" to be had from the lawyers.

One of the oddest of these is cited by a New York lawyer of wide practice. "Not long ago," he says, "there came to my office a woman who insisted that she owned the lower part of the Hudson river, having inherited it from Henry Hudson, her ancestor, by right of discovery."

"If this seems an exaggerated case I shall cite a second one that is stranger still. Last winter a man, who said he had been recommended to me by a 'spirit' at a seance he had attended several nights previous, wanted me to prove his title to the land upon which the subterranean building stands. He told me that it had been given to an ancestor of his by George Washington out of gratitude for the former's loan of a coat during one of the campaigns of the Revolutionary war. Curious claimants to land through ancestors are regular visitors to lawyers' offices. There are hundreds of stories about them, and the two quoted are fair criteria."—New York Tribune.

## Biliousness



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"Is Bliggins a shrewd business man?"  
"He was until he got such a reputation for being a shrewd business man that everybody was afraid to do business with him."—Washington Star.

She Did.  
Cynthia—Did Mrs. Gaywidow ever succeed in breaking her husband's will? Mrs. Enright—Oh, yes; long before he died.—Judge.

Depressing Influence.  
"So you don't like that professional optimist?"  
"Not much," replied Mr. Growcher. "There are times when I might forget my troubles if he were not constantly advising me to make a terrible effort to cheer up."—Washington Star.

Up to Scratch.  
"How shall I know if they want me to give an encore?" asked Mrs. Nugory demurely at the amateur theatricals.  
"That will be quite easy," explained Mrs. Kortic. "We will hear the cat-calls."—Judge.

### NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

Estate of Elizabeth Swartz, Deceased.  
Luschnon Swartz has been appointed and qualified as Executor of the estate of Elizabeth Swartz, late of Wood County, Ohio, deceased. Dated this 25th day of November, A. D. 1913.  
CHAS. R. NEARING,  
Probate Judge of said County.

## PATENTS

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Two Great Stages.  
The largest stage in the world is that of the Grand Opera House in Paris. It is 100 feet wide, nearly 200 feet in depth and 80 feet high. The height is measured from the level of the stage to the "flies."

The stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York city, is 101 feet wide, 80 feet deep and 77 feet high and is believed to be the largest in the United States.—London Answers.

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